

PENTECOST A.D. 1983

the anglican digest



EBC's Summer Selection
A SEVERED W
Madeleine

CREAM OF THE CROP

A *SEVERED WASP*, the Episcopal Book Club's selection for Summer, 1983, is receiving a generous round of accolades, among them an unusually discriminating and perceptive review by the highly respected critic Edmund Fuller writing in *The Wall Street Journal*:

This is a novel with searching insights into character from the psychological to the theological. . . . It is a story of an unusual range of intellectual interest and of commitment in its view of life and behavior. I don't know another current American writer who could weave the worlds of music and the international concert stage, the claustrophobic life of a great cathedral close, and aspects of the often threatening street life as does Madeleine L'Engle [*plus the projection of the setting into the 1990s*].

The story is centered on New York's Cathedral Church of St John the Divine and its neighborhood. Greenwich Village is a secondary scene but mingled with the straight narrative within these settings are threads of remembrance ranging across Europe and involving the Holocaust and World War II and their aftermath. . . .

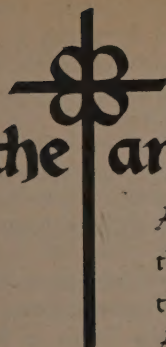
The admirably realized central figure is a woman the author chooses to call Katherine Forrester Vigneras, a famed pianist who has retired to a house she has long owned but seldom occupied. . . . She unexpectedly gets a call from Felix Bodeway, whom she had regarded as a "lightweight" in their Bohemian youth. To her sur-



(Continued on page 46)

PICTURES: NEW YORK CATHEDRAL'S stained glass Christ over high altar is flanked by eight Maine-quarried granite columns weighing 90 tons each. Floor plan, page 22, is followed by center-fold drawing showing how a solar film of insulated glass may be wrapped around south transept. Back cover's nine-foot bronze St Gabriel on easternmost apex marks TADs Cathedral articles.





the anglican digest

A miscellany reflecting
the words and work of
the faithful throughout the
Anglican Communion.

SPIRIT, HOLY OR UNHOLY?

DURING A RECENT 5-day period I confirmed 80 people in three parishes in the northern, central, and southern parts of the Diocese of New Jersey. It was an encouraging week for me. Over each candidate the confirmation words were repeated: "Strengthen, O Lord, your servant with your Holy Spirit." At the end of one day, as I drove home on Route 295, trying not to let the trucks intimidate me, I kept thinking that the term "Holy Spirit" had been repeated by me, out loud, a total of 80 times before a trio of congregations. I wonder what it means to all those people?

The former warden of the College of Preachers, Canon Ted

Wedel, didn't have much confidence in what most people thought of the Holy Spirit. In his inimitable way, he said that "most Episcopalians think the Holy Spirit is some sort of ecclesiastical gas floating around." That was said a generation ago; since then, extraordinary interest in the Holy Spirit has been expressed throughout the Church. But I would wager that for many Christians "Holy Spirit" remains a vague term, definitely less tangible than speaking of God as Creator or Redeemer.

In that regard I am reminded of our annual celebration of Pentecost, the feast of the Holy Spirit. It is closely related to Easter, to Jesus Christ crucified and raised from

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

the dead. It is closely related to the Creator-God upon whom the universe and the earth processes depend. And it is all bound up with the Trinity, for it was as the first Christians came under the power of the Holy Spirit that they began to understand God as Trinity.

To speak of the Holy Spirit is to raise the issue of the unholy spirit, the spirit of fanaticism. Whenever religious people wish to justify their own claims of infallibility ("I am right, you are wrong," or "I have the Spirit, you don't"), inevitably they appeal directly to the Holy Spirit. How can we tell that it is the Holy Spirit acting through them, and not some unholy spirit?

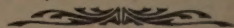
Here the Roman Catholic theologian Hans Kung comes to our aid. In his book, *On Being A Christian*, he writes that "the Holy Spirit is sharply distinguished from the unholy spirit of man and his



world....The Spirit is no other than God Himself: God close to man and the world...He is not a third party, not a thing between God and men, but God's personal closeness to men."

Hans Kung adds the key thought that our understanding of the Holy Spirit is to be tested in the light of Jesus Christ.

For the Christian to understand the Holy Spirit separate or cut off from Jesus Christ is impossible. Religious fanaticism does exactly that. In its zeal and power, supposedly instilled by the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Christ is absent. It is, after all, in the power of the Holy Spirit that we are called to stand for what Christ stood for. It is to appeal to the Spirit of freedom: freedom to love, to be merciful, to do justice; freedom to combat guilt, sin, and death. That we may not substitute the unholy spirit for the Holy Spirit (in the words of a beloved hymn), "Come Holy Spirit, our souls inspire!" —The Rt Rev Mellick Belshaw, recently enthroned IX Bishop of New Jersey



FR JAMES B SIMPSON, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

FR H L FOLAND, FOUNDER (1958-80)

The Anglican Digest (ISSN 003-3278) is published bi-monthly by SPEAK (Society for Promoting and Encouraging Arts and Knowledge of the Church). Second class postage paid at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Volume 25, Number 3.

We would appreciate receiving \$5 a year (\$6 outside US) from each reader.

POSTMASTER: Send changes to Hillspeak, Eureka Springs, AR 72632-9705.

REJOICE, EMMANUEL LIVES!

IT WAS ON A wintry afternoon four years ago that fire devastated 292-year-old Emmanuel-on-the-Green, New Castle, Diocese of Delaware. At the height of the blaze, Fr Myles Edwards fell on the ice and broke his arm as he tried to save precious possessions.

The following morning, Fr Edwards found the shell of the nave heavy with icicles. A catalpa tree that had stood next to the door for well over a century was still burning from beeswax in the trunk. But in the next few weeks Fr Edwards realized that recovery from the fire was keeping pace with the mending of his arm. An insurance company swiftly paid \$1.35 million for structural damage, while other policies covered most of the interior furnishings. Gifts and pledges made it clear that a new church could rise free of debt. Moreover, the generosity bore the marks of thoughtfulness and ingenuity:

- The cedar shake roof which had caught the first sparks from a marsh fire was replaced with ceramic tiles that *look* like cedar shakes.

- Steel support trusses were chosen instead of duplicating the

old wooden ones.

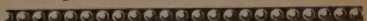
- The four clock faces on the landmark tower were financed by the trustees of New Castle Common.

- An early nineteenth century baptismal font came from St James in the Kingseesing section of Philadelphia, whose first rector was a native of New Castle.

- A processional cross was made from wood salvaged from a 350-year-old ship's mast that had held the steeple.

- Enough antique glass was received to lay in a supply for replacements for years to come.

"As for the catalpa tree," adds Fr Edwards, "the bees had made it a bother, but the parishioners decided that if it could live through all that it had, we ought to let it stay." —*Wilmington News-Journal*



Committing yourself is a way of finding out who you are. A person finds identity by identifying. A person's identity is not best thought of as a separation from others but the way in which one is united with them. —*The Rt Rev'd Robert Terwilliger, Suffragan of Dallas*



Elections and Appointments:

Alex Dockery Dickson Jr, 56, born in Alligator, MS, educated at Sewanee, and since 1968 rector of All Saints Episcopal School, Vicksburg, MS: to be I Bishop of West Tennessee. After trailing Fr Edward Chalfant of Columbus, O, Fr George Reynolds of Edina, MN, and Canon Robert Tharp of Knoxville, Dickson won the required two-thirds of the clergy order on the 28th ballot; the following day he was elected after five ballots by the lay order.

Wesley Frensdorff, 56, VII Bishop of Nevada since '72: to be interim bishop for Navajoland, an area mission established by the '76 General Convention for an Indian reservation that includes parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah. One of a handful of American bishops with international experience (he was born in Germany and later was a priest in Nicaragua), Frensdorff is responding to a request from the Presiding Bishop to look after the Navajos while continuing as Nevada's Diocesan. He is taking over a post formerly occupied by Frederick Putnam, who previously had been Oklahoma's first suffragan, '63-79.

Derrick Greenslade Childs, 65, priested in '42 to be curate of Laugharne with Llansadwrnen and Llandawke, and who, after consecration in '72 to be V Bishop of Monmouth, became the senior of



the six bishops of the Anglican Church in Wales: to be Archbishop of Wales. Chosen by the electoral college in a six-hour meeting at Llandrindod Wells, he will continue to hold his jurisdiction in Monmouth, which consists of the county of Gwent and parts of south and mid-Glamorgan.

George Edward Haynsworth, 60, South Carolina-born graduate of Sewanee who served parishes in his home state and in Georgia before becoming I Bishop of Nicaragua, '69-80: named by the Presiding Bishop to be Executive for World Mission in Church and Society at New York's Episcopal Church Center succeeding Canon Samuel Van Culin, now Secretary General of the Anglican Consultative Council based in London. Haynsworth will continue as bishop in charge of El Salvador, a post he assumed in '79.

Charles George Mwaigoga, 36, a priest since '67 and principal since '80 of St Mark's Theological College at Dar-es-Salaam: to be IV




Bishop of Southwest Tanganyika in succession to Joseph Willard Mlele, who became Diocesan in '74 and retired last year.

George Alfred Swartz, 54: enthroned as IX Bishop of Kimberley and Kuruman in St Cyprian's Cathedral Church at Kimberley, South Africa, in succession to Graham Charles Chadwick. The son of a church warden, Bishop Swartz grew up with the desire to become a priest even though few blacks were seeking ordination; ironically, it was his color that most recommended him for the episcopate when Bishop Chadwick, a white Englishman, was forced to resign by a Nationalist party seeking to put power only in the hands of Afrikaners.

Charles Henry Albertyn, 54, an archdeacon since '78: to be Suf-fragan of Cape Town, South Africa, succeeding George Swartz, recently enthroned IX Bishop of Kimberley and Kuruman.

Francis William Banahene Thompson, 56, who has the unusual background of having trained at two English monastic houses—Nashdom and Kelham—before becoming a chaplain-welfare officer with the United Nations forces in Lebanon: to be V Bishop of Accra, West Africa, succeeding Ishamel Samuel Mills Le Maire, who has retired.

 **Honors:**

Quintin Ebenezer Primo Jr, Suf-fragan of Chicago since '72, has

been designated among “distinguished alumni” by St Augustine's, the Raleigh, NC, college founded in 1867 and now one of three Church-supported institutions that offer higher education particularly to black students.

Robert Runcie, 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury: Doctor of Letters from Liverpool University near
(Continued on page 8)

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

THE candidate sought—a priest or Bishop of the Episcopal Church—is a man of personal holiness who is a good steward of his own life, spiritually, emotionally, intellectually, and physically. He is open to input from others, permitting a divergence of viewpoints. He displays stability, administrative competence, and financial responsibility both in his personal life and vocation. He is free from caprice in judgments, appointments, and programming. He is a good communicator. The Diocese views its Bishop as one who should spend the majority of his time in parish visitation... —An Open Letter to the Church, Bishop Search Committee, Diocese of Dallas, 1983

Crosby, North Mercyside, where he was born in 1920.

George Bell, 75th Bishop of Chichester, 1929-58: A 400-square-foot woven altar tapestry for his Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity commemorating the centenary of his birth and financed by an Anglo-German appeal for \$66,000; he spoke out early against Hitler's persecution of German Christians and later opposed the bombing of German cities, a stand that many believed cost him the appointment to Canterbury to succeed the 99th Archbishop, William Temple; he subsequently organized aid for German refugees and worked for restoration of German churches.

HB Dehqani-Tafti, IV Bishop in Iran for the last 12 years, has been presented with an "exile crozier" made of bits of scrap metal representing his scattered flock and painted black as "a sign of sorrow that surrounds the Bishop's separation from his people." It was made by engineers in training near Basingstoke, Hampshire, where he is living.

Retirements:

Stuart Yarmouth Blanch, 65, V Bishop of Liverpool, '66-75, and presently 94th Archbishop of York, will retire in August, five years short of the customary age. "Earlier retirement is a trend that I encourage," he said, "rather than going on indefinitely with people

wondering when the old boy is going to step down." The present bishops of Liverpool, Oxford, and Durham are considered top-runners to go to York, although some critics say that continual promotion from within has made the episcopate "a house of clones."

Ernest Urban Trevor Huddleston, CR, 70, Oxford-educated monk who was consecrated Bishop of Masasi in '60, translated to Stepney, Suffragan to London, in '68, and was made XII Bishop of Mauritius and Primate of the Indian Ocean in '78, retired on the Second Sunday After Easter and is revisiting Masasi while returning to his order's motherhouse at Mirfield, Yorkshire.

Bennett Jones Sims, 62, VI Bishop of Atlanta since '72, will retire 31 October to become a full-time faculty member of the Candler School of Theology of Emory University, heading up a new Institute for Servant Leadership; a successor will be elected 25 June.

Arthur John Dain, 72, who served in India, England, and Australia before becoming Assistant Bishop of Sydney in '65.

Arthur Stanley Goldsworthy, 57, VII Bishop of Bunbury, Western Australia: retired 30 April due to ill health.

Resignations:

Hugo Luis Pina, 44, Cuban-born Bishop of Honduras since 1978,

the fifth diocesan in 14 years: for acute high blood pressure.

Morris Henry St John Maddocks, 54, IV Bishop of Selby, Suffragan to York since '74: to be the first Adviser on the Ministry of Health and Healing to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and to be an honorary assistant bishop in the Diocese of Bath and Wells where he will be living; he is the author of a standard textbook entitled *The Christian Healing Ministry*.

✠ Deaths:

Henry Wise Hobson, 91, Denver-born IV Bishop of S Ohio '31-59, decorated veteran of World War I, who, after serving parishes in Waterbury, CT, and Worcester, MA, was the American Church's youngest bishop when consecrated as coadjutor at age 39 in 1930 and its oldest on his death last 10 February; from Christ Church Cathedral, Cincinnati.

Howard Hewlett Clark, 79, whose service to the Church spanned half a century and who, on retiring in 1970, became University Chancellor of Toronto's Trinity College; born in Alberta, he was consecrated IV Bishop of Edmonton in '54 and five years later, still holding jurisdiction, was elected Primate of All Canada, a post in which he continued after being translated to Rupert's Land in '61. Nearly a decade later, as one of nine members of the X Lambeth Conference's Steering Committee,

he backed the proposal to open the meetings to the press, a move that gave him maximum exposure when he told 461 fellow bishops that Anglicanism, while not in danger of losing its Scriptures, Creeds, and "the other foundations of the Catholic and Apostolic Church" might "be called upon to use them more adventurously, no longer attempting to hold men in check so that the journey will be safe, but releasing them to follow the dangerous Christ."

Najib Atallah Cuba'in, 80, a teacher by profession who was ordained in the Diocese of Jerusalem, lost most of his possessions in following his people into exile after the 1948 upheaval in Palestine, returned in '51 to become a Canon of St George's Collegiate Church, Jerusalem, and in '58 was consecrated I Bishop of Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon.

✠ Bishop and Books:

William Temple: An Archbishop For All Seasons by Charles Lowry, Pinchurst, NC, former professor at Virginia Seminary; foreword by Robert Runcie; 170 pages, \$16.75
(Continued on page 10)



(Continued from page 9)

hard-cover, \$6.50 paperback; University Press of America, PO Box 19101, Washington, DC 20036

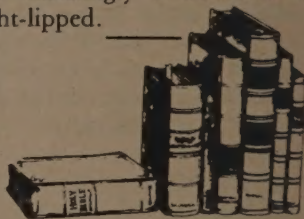
Foundations of the Faith by William Charles Wantland, IV Bishop of Eau Claire and chairman of the Evangelical and Catholic Mission, \$6.95 paperback, Morehouse-Barlow, 78 Danbury Rd, Wilton, CT 06897

The Unity of Anglicanism: Catholic and Reformed by Henry Robert McAdoo, 58th Bishop of Dublin and co-chairman of the Anglican-RC International Commission, \$3.95 paperback, also from Morehouse

Conversations With Coggan, by Robin Daniels, \$15 plus postage,

“My dear fellow, how good of you to come all the way from Los Angeles by helicopter,” exclaimed Sir Ralph Richardson, 79, as he welcomed Sir John Gielgud to an English parish church where the two old knights went for the filming of the \$10-million *Invitation to the Wedding*. Sir Ralph plays an eccentric bishop in black leather jacket and trousers with purple shirt and dog-collar. It is the first picture to feature an appearance of the Boys Choir of St Paul’s in the City and Diocese of London.

Hodder & Stoughton, 47 Bedford Sq, London WC1B 3DF. “No recently retired Archbishop of Canterbury has spoken so freely and informally about his period in high office,” says an advance blurb that claims a lot for a Primate who was unfailingly conservative and tight-lipped.



SERVANTS

When a foreign visitor was introduced to the structure of Christianity, he was intrigued by the variety of offices within the Church. “The deacons are the servants of the People,” said his guide.

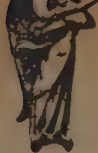
“Yes, but who are these bishops?”

“Oh,” said the guide, “they are the servants of the servants of the People.”

“Ah, but who are the People?” the foreigner astutely asked.

“They’re the ones with servant problems!” his guide quickly replied. —Fr John Lawrence in NNECA Newsletter

The number of preachers may have decreased, but so has the number of good listeners. —Fr Spencer Wilson, Lancashire Vicar, in letter to The Times of London



WRITER, WIFE, THEOLOGIAN

MADELEINE L'ENGLE'S world is concentrated within a radius of a few blocks on New York's upper west side—the distance between her beloved Cathedral and the roomy apartment her family has occupied for nearly 25 years. But it is a world that constantly expands to include speaking dates in numerous dioceses, an early spring trip with her husband (this year it was aboard a freighter calling at South American ports) and summers at their country house near Goshen, CT, a hundred miles from Manhattan.

Madeleine L'Engle (pronounced *Lingel*), born 29 Nov 1918, was baptized at St John's, Jacksonville, now the Cathedral Church for the Diocese of Florida, and was confirmed at boarding-school.

“Conversion for me was not a Damascus Road experience,” she says. “I slowly moved into an intellectual acceptance of what my intuition had always known. Possibly I was fortunate in not having a formal religious background, although my parents were Episcopalians, and so were theirs, and so on back. I wasn't taught things I had to unlearn.”

After graduating from Smith College in 1941 she worked for a while as an actress to support herself as a writer. She married an actor, Hugh Franklin, in 1946 at St Chrysostom's, Chicago. They lived in Goshen, where, among other things, Franklin ran a general store in the years that their three children were growing up. Josephine, 35, is the wife of Fr Alan Jones of General Seminary and works in the Seabury Book Store; Maria (pronounced Ma-ria), 33, is a photographer, and Bion, 31, is a member of the English faculty at the University of Connecticut whose wife is the first physician in Goshen in over 20 years.

L'Engle sees herself as something of a rebel until she began teaching Sunday School and “learned that cosmic questions don't have mortal answers. We learn through analogy, through story... Jesus was not a theologian but God who told stories.”

Even though she was daily discovering her Lord, her writing, after five books, had reached a difficult period.

“I'd put the kids to bed, walk down the dirt road in front of the

(Continued on page 29)

COLLABORATING WITH INSPIRATION

“WITH EACH book I write I become more and more convinced that they have a life of their own, quite apart from me,” declares Madeleine L’Engle. “What happens is that a book will come to me and say, ‘Here I am. Write me.’ My job is to try to serve it to the best of my ability, which is never good enough, but all I can do is try to listen to it, to do what it tells me to do and, at best, to collaborate with it.”

L’Engle speaks as a writer who writes every day – at home or when traveling and, most often, at her desk in the library of St John the Divine. Her first novel, *The Small Rain*, appeared in 1945. Although she continued to write regularly, the decade of the 50’s was marked by rejection slips. Since the 1962 publication of *A Wrinkle In Time* (a book that was turned down by 30-odd publishers), there’s been a steady stream for both children and adults, sometimes two books in one year, of fiction, non-fiction, and biography. By ’79, when she started receiving top awards and when paperback reprints appeared, she had 11 books in 12 months.

When asked if the central figures of *A Severed Wasp* are based on a real-life bishop, dean, and others, L’Engle immediately



L’Engle with her books

speaks of her fictional figures as long-time friends. They seem to be as real to her as anyone she has met, and she says with conviction, “Katherine Vigneras and Felix Bodeway were in my first book long before I knew anyone at the Cathedral.”

In a formal disclaimer facing the title page of *A Severed Wasp* she writes that “the Cathedral Church stands in its beauty on Morning-side Heights. The Stone Yard, started by Dean James Parks Morton, exists; and the Dean and this exciting and unusual project are mentioned, as are Bishops Donegan and Moore, with affection and respect. But this is a work

(Continued on next page)

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

WHEN ONE speaks of personal and family counseling, our attention is drawn to what might be called the "human condition" and the relationship of Jesus Christ and His church to that human condition. My predecessor, Fr Paul Urbano, said that "the Church exists for those who do not yet belong to it." And with that sentiment and purpose the Gospel concurs, namely, "Having glorified God in our worship, and having received the power of the Holy Spirit to strengthen and sustain our lives, our task is to reach out and



(Continued from page 10)

of fiction, and none of the imaginary characters bear any relation to any actual people, dead, living, or to be born."

Returning to her fictional figures, L'Engle says that she has "known all these years that I had to find out what happened to Katherine and Felix. But I knew I would have to wait until I got older." And now she has "found out" with a flourish and with a keen reportorial eye on the life of a great cathedral. —Taddled from several sources

share the gift, not to turn inward and hoard the treasure." Or to put the matter another way around, the parish is, and will continue to be, a hospital for sinners; it will never be, God forbid, a country club for people who are experiencing transitory states of grace, and who choose to forget how they got that way!

Accordingly, as we seek to expand our mission to the glory of God and not ourselves, I would submit to you that "a Christian who is not committed to positive outreach evangelism, is, in fact, a total contradiction in terms." In short, let's have it said of the people of All Saints Parish that we are solidly committed to finding ways to better glorify our Lord and to better share his glorious message with those who have not yet heard it, or with those who have heard it, but who have not yet responded to it, doing all of this in a spirit of kindness and compassion and understanding. —Fr Carl Carlozzi, All Saints, Phoenix, Diocese of Arizona





THE LONG LAST LAP

C LERGY and laity alike for years have jokingly referred to the Cathedral Church of St John the Divine, the world's largest Gothic cathedral, as St John's the Unfinished. The Diocese of New York began work on the structure in 1892, but it was only two-thirds completed when World War II put a halt to construction. Now, after a hiatus of nearly 40 years, masons are shaping the stones needed to conclude the task.

The vagaries of style and social pressures have contributed to the delay. There was a significant move toward modern architecture in the '50s as well as a feeling that Gothic might be wrong. Then in the '60s race riots in neighboring Harlem prompted Cathedral officials to call a moratorium on building "until the anguish of our disadvantaged people has been relieved." The decision to begin again was widely praised as "a sign of hope for the city, an effort to bring spirit back to the neighborhood."

The majestic structure, twice the size of Notre Dame, has been in use — by sections — since 1899. One of the soaring 292-foot towers at the front of the building is now

inching upward and the other, as well as the transepts, will follow in time.

The crew responsible for the slow but sure progress is working from a stoneyard set up in the Cathedral's shadow by James Bambridge, a British master builder. Ten of the 12 apprentices are from Harlem. Although they use modern saws with diamond-dust teeth to slice the 8-ton slabs of limestone into manageable blocks, the actual carving is done with hand tools. "It wouldn't have been right to finish the Cathedral with machine-made stones," said one of the men. "Any mason would look at that as a vegetarian looks at a McDonald's hamburger."

The task immediately at hand was to make full-scale drawings of each of the 24,000 stones. The drawings are converted to zinc plates, then laid against the stone so the masons have a precise pattern to follow. It took six months to carve 600 stones, but, said a former Harlem mechanic, "I take it day to day and have a sense of pride in what I'm doing and that keeps me going."

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14)

Meanwhile, Manhattan subways and buses have blossomed with posters urging people to purchase specific parts of the Cathedral. The public offering ranges from a plain hundred-dollar building block to a \$500,000 turret. In return, donors have their names and the numbers of their stones inscribed in the Cathedral's Golden Book of Remembrance. More than 300 smaller stones have been sold, but takers for the turrets are more rare.

The year 1992 is the target date for having the first tower up and the remainder—the north tower plus the crossing—should be finished sometime in the next century. “Everything having to do with a building like this is long-term,” said mason Allan Bird. Pointing out that Chartres took 312 years to complete and Westminster Abbey 675 years, he says, “Compared to the other big ones, we aren’t doing so bad.” —*Newsweek*

CATHEDRAL MILESTONES

- 1872 – Diocese votes to build cathedral
- 1873 – NY State grants charter
- 1887 – Land purchased from Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum
- 1889 – LaFarge’s Romanesque-Byzantine scheme wins international design competition
- 1892 – Cornerstone laid
- 1911 – Architect Ralph Adams Cram introduces Gothic plans
- 1916 – Groundbreaking for nave
- 1925 – Groundbreaking for west front
- 1941 – Dedication of nave a week before Pearl Harbor; all construction ceases; scaffolding contributed as scrap iron
- 1967 – Frederick Woodbridge commissioned for modern design to complete cathedral
- 1969 – Bishop Donegan announces cathedral will stand uncompleted because of social unrest
- 1973 – Cathedral promises aid reclaiming neighborhood
- 1978 – Trustees employ master builder to train youths as stone workers
- 1982 – Laying of Jerusalem Stone of southwest tower
- 1983 – Graduation of first apprentices

—Diary of 111 years especially compiled for TAD

A MADELEINE L'ENGLE SAMPLER

Editor's Note: The following quotations are taken mainly from hard-cover editions published by Farrar, Straus, Giroux (FSG); some editions of the same titles are from Seabury Press (S), Dell (D), or Laurel Leaf (L).

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN ('71 FSG): What my angel did not tell me... was that I was going to have to make the terrible journey through the sun, that only on love's terrible other side is found the place where lion and lamb abide. Lion and lamb: who are they? White and black? Life and death? Laughter and tears? Joy and grief? Bliss and anguish? Light and dark? I do not know. They all become one: lion is lamb, and lamb turns into roaring lion. The angels, being unshackled by body or passions – though perhaps not by passion – words suddenly become clear in a language one has not been born to – the angels understand. But I do not.

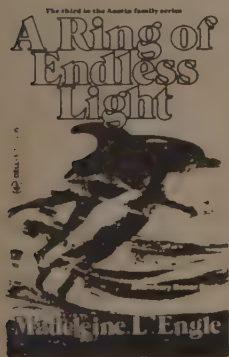


THE SUMMER OF THE GREAT GRANDMOTHER ('74 S): I love my mother, not as a prisoner of atherosclerosis, but as a person; and I must love her enough to accept her as she is, now, for as long as this dwindling may take; and I must love her enough, when the time comes, to let her go into a new birth, a new life of which I can know nothing, and which I cannot prove; a new life which may not be; but of which I have had enough intimations so that I cannot discount its possibility, no matter how

difficult such a possibility is for the intellect.

THE IRRATIONAL SEASON ('77 S): We have much to be judged on when He comes, slums and battlefields and insane asylums, but these are the symptoms of our illness, and the result of our failures in love. In the evening of life we shall be judged on

love, and not one of us is going to come off very well, and were it not for my absolute faith in the loving forgiveness of my Lord I could not call on Him to come. But His love is greater than all our hate, and He will not rest until Judas has turned to Him, until Satan has turned to Him, until the dark has turned to Him; until we can all, all of us without exception, freely return His look of love with love in our own eyes and hearts. And then, healed, whole, complete but not finished, we will know the joy of being co-creators with the One to Whom we call. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.



A RING OF ENDLESS LIGHT ('80 L): What I wanted to do was to ask Basil to give me all the answers to everything, as though he weren't a dolphin but some kind of cosmic computer. And I know that that was not only not realistic, but it wasn't fair. But I wondered . . . Basil pulled himself up out of the water and a series of sounds came from him, singing sounds. And what it reminded me of was Grandfather standing by Commander Rodney's open grave and saying those terrible words and then crying out, full of joy, Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia! Then Basil was gone, flashing through sea and sky, to disappear at the horizon.

A CIRCLE OF QUIET ('72 FSG): It is an extraordinary and beautiful thing that God, in creation, uses precisely the same tools and rules as the artist; He works with the beauty of matter; the reality of things; the discoveries of the senses, all five of them; so that we, in turn, may hear the grass growing; see a face springing to life in love and laughter; feel another human hand or the velvet of a puppy's ear; taste food prepared and offered in love; smell — oh, so many things: food, sewers, each other, flowers, books, new mown grass, dirt . . . Here, in the offerings of creation, the oblations of story and song, are our glimpses of truth.

—compiled by Georgia Shepherd Maas

DUBOIS AND BAYNE: STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Rarely is a personal memoir of two prominent persons written by still another well-known figure, but such comes to hand from the late Canon Rene Bozarth, SSP. It is reprinted here as TADs tribute to all three.

ALBERT J DUBOIS, Canon of Long Island, sometime candidate for Bishop of Nassau and the Bahamas, Rector of Washington's Ascension and St Agnes, and the mover and shaker of the American Church Union, died quietly (certainly not as he lived) in southern California, keen to the end with high hopes for an Anglican rite within the Roman Church. He was urbane, frequently hated but grudgingly respected, loved by a relative few and understood by almost no one, yet amazingly like Stephen Bayne, former Bishop of Olympia (Washington) and the first Executive Officer of the Anglican Communion. Admittedly, it's a surprising comparison. Both were scholarly types, sharing an epigrammatic wit honed rapier-like to deliver brief, telling, often shattering personality summations. Both were gifted writers, brilliant

polemicists and, yes, infrequently but massively effective in debate. Bayne tended to carefully styled rhetoric and exquisitely pruned logic, written in the manner of Samuel Pepys.

DuBois really towered over mere mortals, though as a small-group raconteur, his stories always were at least *based* on a truth, but soared in a glorious, swooping, laughing, crying arpeggio of the ironic, the balloon-pricking syntax wrung dry of excess by the actor's skill.

In several ways, Bayne and duBois agreed, although they were hardly aware of the fact.

The two had a certain battle-wearied cynicism in the last decades of their lives. They were examples of cold, controlled fury at parochialism, at public deceit in the Church, at timidity in high ecclesiastical places, and perhaps most of all at the failures of committed Christians to be Christians.

I have no doubt that Bayne secretly hoped to be Presiding Bishop. I wish he had been. Equally, I have no doubt duBois longed to be used in some official capacity as a representative to Rome.

(Continued from page 18)

Much of what is taken for granted by younger clergy is due to Duby, as we called him – the centrality of the Eucharist, vestments, even confession. He had a like influence on music. And, unexpectedly, he made much of the need for meaningful, attractive preaching.

Bishop Bayne and Canon du Bois shared another attribute: they were both gourmets and Duby, at least, a gourmet cook. He often proved it in a kitchen full of hungry priests. Bishop Bayne entertained us at London's Athenium with a practiced touch in ordering the perfect entrees. Yet each man lived basically a simple lifestyle, largely unencumbered by the frills of wealth. But each had a fine sensibility of what was good, better and best – in food, culture, and theology. I should like to hear them talk about a role for the Church at this point in time – from their eternal viewpoint. —Excerpted from a tract of the National Guild of Churchmen, Box 100, Sandy, OR 97055



I believe that God prays in us and through us, whether we are praying or not (and whether we believe in God or not). So, any prayer on my part is a conscious response to what God is already doing in my life. —*Fr Malcolm Boyd*

DEMOLISHING DEPRESSION

HERE ARE five steps for effectively dealing with depression.

1) Spend five minutes – but no longer – in thinking about what is wrong.

2) Do something both affirmative and physical – jogging, for instance, or a brisk walk and scrubbing a floor or cleaning out a desk drawer – anything that occupies the mind to some degree.

3) Pray about it. Some people would make that the first step but it cannot be effectively employed until you've reflected on your feelings and had some positive physical activity.

4) Indulge yourself – even if it's just eating one tasty cookie.

5) Do something for another person – a telephone call to a lonely friend, a thoughtful card or note, or a thermos of chicken soup, personally delivered.

It is vital to take these five steps in proper order and to complete each of them. If depression hasn't left at the end of the process, repeat it; most people have found that it's effective within 24 hours but it may, indeed, have to be repeated several times within the 24 hours. —*Fr Randall McQuin, St Luke's, Scott City, Diocese of Western Kansas*

TENNIS, ANYONE?

CONSIDERING HENRY VIII'S girth, preoccupation with marriages, and his misrepresentation for founding the Church (see All Saints '82 TAD), it is surprising to learn that he is responsible for popularizing tennis.

When the King and his barons played in the early part of the 16th century, it was considered beneath their dignity to open the game by playing the first shot. So to set play in motion every time, the noble players would call "service" and up would step a page with a ball and racquet to perform the ritual. Hence the "service" in today's tennis; in fact, the game has handed on its terms and customs almost complete.

The scores used to be told on a clock dial with two hands. Thus 15, 30, and 45 (which was shortened to 40), as the hands were moved to the appropriate positions.

Although the Tudors set the fashion for the game in Britain, its beginnings have been traced to Egyptian fertility rites and Herodotus referred to it as long ago as 450 BC.

Tennis as we know it began to take shape in medieval European monasteries where it was a popular pastime for clerics and monks – so popular, in fact, that it had to be banned in places because the reverend fathers began to over-indulge in betting on their favorites. The features of the court derive directly from its early environment. The buttress or tambour, for instance, is thought to have come from the cloister. The "pent-house" may represent the byres where the clerics' cattle lived and the "grille" was perhaps the buttery hatch of the monastery. Even the grid-like markings on the floor could have represented lines of flagstones in the cloisters.

The heyday of tennis was in the 16th century when members of French and English royal courts played in style. In 1598 more than 250 beautiful and well-appointed courts in Paris gave employment to 7,000 people.

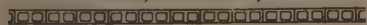
As for Henry VIII, he played frequently as a young man and equipped all his palaces with courts. It was still popular with royalty well into the Victorian era.



THE MESSAGE OF THE WINDSTORM



ALL OF LAST year's retreats were filled to capacity, with many of the retreatants being "repeaters" year after year. One of the conductors, Madeleine L'Engle, later wrote, "What a weekend of lovely synchronicities and beautiful symbols!" I believe I know what she had in mind. November rains held off until everyone had arrived. Then high winds struck and, suddenly, the electric power went off. (A tree had been blown across the line, we learned later.) Eventually the force



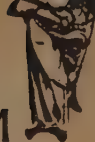
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Hampton Court yet possesses an elderly shower and a capacious drawer reserved for HRH Prince Albert.

A good many of the thousands of courts have been demolished or put to other uses. A court at Lakewood, NJ, is a girls' gymnasium. Some are warehouses, government offices (in Dublin), chapels or museums. But the most undignified end to one of the lovely, spacious and uplifting buildings must be at Shipbourne in Kent where the tennis court is now a chicken-house. —*The Times*, London

of the wind diminished and we gathered in the chapel for celebration of the Eucharist. By candlelight Mother Elise pointed out that the Psalm for the day was gloriously appropriate, "Yea, the darkness and the light to Thee are both alike." We sang the words in plain chant. The priest proceeded with the Holy Mysteries which symbolize in so many ways "Christ, the Light of the World." As he raised the Host and said, "Take, eat: this is My Body," light came on, in full power, all at once, with no flickering. Those of us who shared that electrifying moment will never forget it. —The Sister Warden of Associates, Community of the Holy Spirit, Brewster, Diocese of New York





A SKILLED HAND AT THE HELM

JAMES PARKS MORTON'S institution eleven years ago as Dean of the Cathedral Church of St John the Divine is remembered as a widely heralded event marked by prayers, pomp and someone called the Exotic Butterfly.



J P Morton

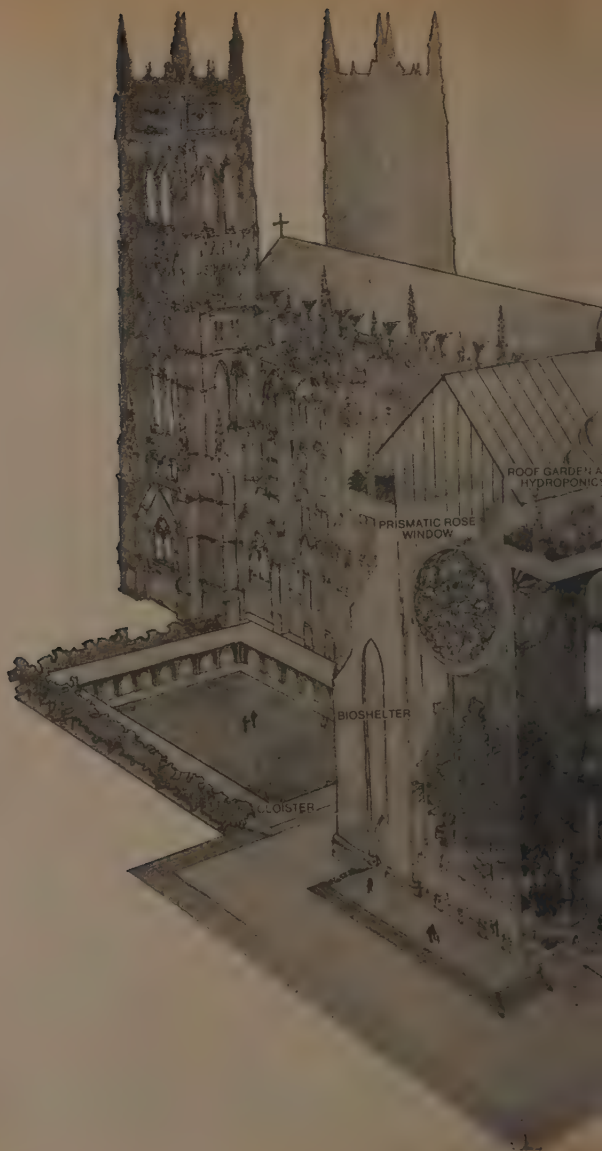
Actually, the Butterfly, a former performer with Ringling Brothers, was among the clowns, jugglers, mimes, and bagpipers who formed an advance guard for the circus atmosphere that marked many ec-

clesiastical events in the 70s. Then and now, Dean Morton saw the highjinks as a revival of carnivals that were part of cathedral life in the Middle Ages.

The cathedral close had returned to its customary quietness the next day when he stepped into an office once occupied by such future bishops as DeWolfe of Long Island and Pike of California.

The memorable first days followed close after Paul Moore became XIII Bishop of New York succeeding Horace Donegan, who had held the reins for 22 years, going without a dean the last six years of his episcopate because he had an able sub-dean, Canon Edward N West, and, some said, because he wanted the next Diocesan to pick his own man. That was exactly what Bishop Moore did, calling on Morton, who'd worked with him in the 50s at Grace Church, Jersey City, the parish that became a prototype for urban renewal. In the intervening years, Morton had been director of Chicago's Urban Training Center for Christian Mission.

It came as no surprise, then, that Dean Morton at once befriended
(Continued on page 26)





(Continued from page 23)

the Cathedral neighborhood that – in morale, appearance, and finances – was at its lowest ebb. Nor was it surprising that the Dean, who'd graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard with a major in architecture, employed and trained some of his neighbors to be trained as stone-cutters for what has been his consuming interest – the completion of the Cathedral. He's undergirded it in countless ways, from championing arts and crafts that center on cathedral motifs to arranging forums of international scope on the problems of the times. Although some clergy mumble that there's been more emphasis on ecology and secularism than on the Gospel, there has nonetheless been a steady stream of newsworthy people and events. Not that he has been crowded out of his own pulpit; he ascends its stone stairs with relish and, hunching over the lectern, creates an intimate ambiance in the yawning nave. On a February Sunday, the weekend of the biggest snowfall, he preached for 40 minutes and, near the end, was joined in the roomy pulpit by two black artisans. Together they unstretched large bolts of material to demonstrate the Cathedral's hand-blocking while also illustrating how life is many layers of experiences.

"The 6-foot, 53-year-old Dean has blue-gray eyes and brown-to-

grayish hair that grazes his clerical collar," observed an interviewer for the *New York Post*. "He has the same lanky and somehow aristocratic appearance as Bishop Moore and both of them seem comfortably relaxed in purple cassocks with comfortable shoes sticking out the bottom."

Both men are "cradle Episcopals," although Dean Morton characterizes his first two years at Harvard as a time when he was "a heavy atheist."

"My father was a professor of theater arts at Northwestern when I was born," he says, "but my



7 January, 1979

Joyful in the newness of the heart,
Astonished by love's blazing light,
Making an end into a new start,
Early to smile, swift & bright,
Singing his love, all night, all night

Peace in the midst of chaos comes
Alert & lively, he's on the ready
Remarkable, hearing different drums,
Kelps open, & waiting, & steady.
Surely, surely the depths he plumbs

May the new year bring love, bring peace,
On the close, the Cathedral, the loving heart
Ready for angels, looking for light,
Thinking of others, that pain may cease,
Often in prayer, by day, by night,
Nurtured in love may his joy increase

Love from Madeleine

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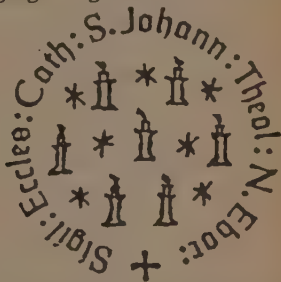
mother, like a good Southern lady, went home to Houston for the ceremonial hatching."

He grew up on the campus of the University of Iowa and, after Harvard and theological studies,

TALKING TO GOD ABOUT ST JOHN

PRAISED BE St John, the glorified of God! Lord, grant me the prayers of St John, disciple and friend whom Thou lovest, apostle of love, Thy love, forever, eternal, that my faith may become as complete, as flaming and tranquil, as his, and pierce as deep, and speak as simply in the Spirit; that I may apprehend Thee as Light lighting every creature and everything, every moment; that I may know Thee as Truth, hearing Thy voice; that I may serve Thee as Love, loving Thy people, asking for no reward, no place, but one only and for one instant — to lean on Thy bosom. St John, on Christ's bosom, pray for me in the days of my discipleship, in the house of my faith, in the hour of my death. —Eric Milner-White, late Dean of York Minster in his book, *My God, My Glory*

went to a dinner party in Manhattan and met Pam Taylor, whose father was director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Married in 1954, they have four daughters ranging in age from 13 to 27.



"I had a dream," Dean Morton remembers, "of becoming a priest-architect and creating a sort of religious Bauhaus where church, art, and life would come together" — a dream with dimensions exactly fitting the 1980s at St John the Divine. —Taddled from several sources

Christianity is different from all other religions. They are the story of man's search for God. The Gospel is the story of God's search for man. —Fr Dewi Morgan, Rector, St Bride's, Fleet Street, in the Metropolis and Diocese of London

There is more to life than bread and cars and air-conditioned rooms. Perhaps the peculiar malaise of our day is air-conditioned unhappiness — the staleness and stuffiness of machine-made routine. —Rabbi Eugene Borowitz

FAITH COMES AND GOES

A FRIEND WHO recently had been received into the Roman Catholic Church wrote to tell Flannery O'Connor (who was partially responsible for her conversion) that she was unhappy in the Church and had decided to leave it.

O'Connor's response was calm and measured, and she did not attempt to conceal her regret over this news. Replying to her friend, she makes a point about faith which we all should ponder: "Faith is a gift, but the will has a great deal to do with it. . . But let me tell you this: faith comes and goes. It rises and falls like the tides of an invisible ocean. If it is presumptuous to think that faith will stay with you forever, it is just as presumptuous to think that unbelief will."

Surely few principles of the spiritual life are more important to remember than this tendency of faith to come and go. If we are at all attentive to our own spiritual welfare, we are bound to have observed it. C.S. Lewis in *The Screwtape Letters* (VIII) calls it the Law of Undulation, and he excoriates his nephew Wormwood for his ignorance of so important a law.

Faith does indeed rise and fall like the tide. Many writers have spoken of the peaks and troughs in our spiritual lives. But it is not a condition which involves only our religious faith. It is true of almost every aspect of our lives—our work, our family and other human relationships, our recreation, everything.

O'Connor's clear implication is that her friend would be wise to wait a while before jumping to the conclusion that her faith was gone for good. She needed to remember the words of the father of the child with the dumb spirit: "I believe; help my unbelief!" (Or, in the Jerusalem Bible, "I do have faith. Help what little faith I have!") There probably are persons far advanced in the life of sainthood who do not experience this coming and going, this undulation, but for most of us the condition is only too familiar.

And what do we do when we find faith lacking? We will to have it back again. We remain faithful to our prayers and other obligations. We do the work at hand, whatever it is. Most of all, we remember the Law of Undulation. —George Conner, St Matthias', Nashville, Diocese of Tennessee



WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

THE frontispiece of Madeleine L'Engle's *A Severed Wasp* quotes *Collected Essays* by George Orwell: "[A wasp] was sucking jam on my plate and I cut him in half. He paid no attention, merely went on with his meal, while a tiny stream of jam trickled out of his severed esophagus. Only when he tried to fly away did he grasp the dreadful thing that had happened to him."

Locating the lines, L'Engle's fictional Bishop Undercroft says "it is the same with modernists and there was a period — 20 years perhaps — during which we did not notice it and yet it was absolutely necessary . . ."

A young suffragan says, "It is all too easy to see the Church in that image, the greedy wasp unaware of its brokenness. And I don't mean just the Episcopal Church, which still hasn't rid itself of its image . . ."

Then a retired bishop observes that "once we recognize that we're broken, we have a chance to mend."

(Continued from page 11)

house and yell at God, 'Why are you letting me have all these rejection slips? You know it's a good book. I wrote it for you.'"

By and by, her prayers were answered — with acceptances, acclaim, and awards.

In 1961 the family moved to a large old apartment building on West End Avenue in New York; thus began the increasingly busy years of writing, speaking, teaching at St Hilda's-and-St Hugh's and serving as Cathedral librarian. Franklin, now 66, is in his 14th year in the role of Dr Tyler on ABC's *All My Children*. Their

large, much-used living room, scene of numerous parties, has a grand piano and dozens of pictures covering nearly every wall not occupied by books.

A tall, willowy woman with fluffy bangs across a high forehead, L'Engle regularly walks to the library with her Irish setter, Timothy. If there's a handicap in her life, it's extremely problematic vision. In spare moments L'Engle manages a wide correspondence, writing in a bold italic hand on pale blue embossed stationary. One of her pleasures is to compose poems for her birthday and those

(Continued on page 30)

THE BIBLE ON HOME COMPUTERS

WHEN BERYL Thompson studies the Bible, she does not pick up a well-worn leather book. Instead, she switches on an Apple computer.

The 70-year-old Bible teacher is one of several hundred people now studying the Scriptures using a computer program developed by Bible Research Systems, a small Austin, Texas, firm. The company's program, called "*The Word Processor*," is the first to

(Continued from page 29)

of her friends [see p. 26]. Friends have discovered that another joy is helping the Cathedral's Stone Yard with honorariums from her talks to Church groups.

"Probably over-business is a confessable sin," she said in a note to Dean Morton. "The problem with over-business is that we don't have time for the people we want to have time for, and all kinds of misapprehensions and confusions can arise."

Undaunted, L'Engle—writer, wife, theologian—bends willingly to her trinity of tasks. —Taddled from *Christianity Today* and other sources

provide the entire Bible in a form usable on a home computer.

"I am finding it very useful," teacher Thompson says, claiming it is much simpler to use than traditional Bible study methods.

The new scriptural software in effect turns her computer into an electronic concordance. Her machine can, for example, make a list of every place a certain word or phrase appears in the Bible. The system's custom-made indexes can be stored, so earlier research on a given topic can be retrieved. In addition, the program can compare entries in two indexes to identify passages that appear in both, highlighting relationships between subjects.

Some fortunate Bible scholars have been able to make special arrangements with universities to use computer files containing not only English translations but also original texts in Hebrew and Greek.

Development of computerized home Bible study aids was limited by the enormous amount of information that needs to be put into a program compared with the size of the potential market. It is



(Continued from page 30)

not profitable in the way other programs of similar complexity are.

In early 1981, former Intel Corporation executives Bert Brown and Kent Ochel took up the challenge of compressing the Bible's 4.5 million characters to fit on a handful of computer storage discs. While the software is considered reasonably priced at \$159.95, the venture is intended to make a profit.

One of the programmers' toughest jobs was finding a way to enter the Bible into a computer database. Brown and Ochel finally convinced a Bible publisher to lend them computer tape used to set the King James version in type for the conventional book form.

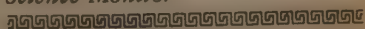
But getting the text into computer storage was not the last hurdle. If the 14,000 words in the Scriptures were simply copied onto discs (which resemble 45 rpm records) they would fill 42 discs. So the two men developed a computer shorthand for storing the most frequently used words. To the user, however, the text appears on the screen unabbreviated. As a result, the entire Bible can be stored on both sides of eight discs.

To search the entire Bible for a word or phrase, the user must change discs. The amount of shifting between discs depends on the type of computer storage equipment the user owns. But a low-cost

5 1/4-inch floppy disc holds a lot of information. For example, the Book of Psalms takes one side of a disc, the Gospels a little more. Searching a whole disc takes about three minutes.

Religious computer owners are not the only ones who seek a computer's help in studying the Bible. Many buyers have an academic interest in the Bible as a work of history or literature. The program also is being purchased by schools and public libraries.

Roughly a million people have personal computers capable of using "*The Word Processor*," although the number of potential customers is far smaller. The program now runs on Apple and Radio Shack personal computers and soon will be available for IBM machines. Still, local computer stores are wary about stocking religious items. Some stores do carry the program, but most sales have been by mail order from Bible Research (8804 Wildridge Dr, Austin, TX 78759). The program has been on the market since February. Another company is developing a similar program offering another version of the Bible. While a more modern version was his first choice, Brown says the King James version is the only one which did not present copyright problems. —David T. Cook in *The Christian Science Monitor*



PAT-WHISH, SQUEE, THUMP AND FLOAT

THE CLOSING OF the American Church's oldest preparatory school run by a religious order – St John Baptist, founded in New York in 1880 and located at Mendham, NJ, since 1915 – has provoked a wave of nostalgia.

“When we were in the eighth grade we used to spy on the Sisters because there was a rumor they all wore black pajamas,” writes a California alumna, “and there was a contest all five years I was there to see a Sister with her head bare. No one ever won it; the closest we got was seeing the white cap worn without the veil, and that didn’t count. Sr Susinne Paula, CSJB, was prime game because she had a curl of hair that always got out of her cap and fell on her forehead, and we felt that was a hopeful sign!”

Continuing in the same vein as generations of convent girls, mischievous and giggling, the letter swells with affection for the nuns.

“We used to be able to identify them by the sound they made walking; Sr Susinne Paula went ‘pat-whish’ because her heels were loose. Sr Jane Patricia went ‘squee’ because she had rubber soles;

another went ‘thump’ in an authoritative manner, and the Superior, Sr Mary Barbara, made no noise at all except for a faint rustle of her habit as she passed along the corridors. I think she floated.

“**A**nother way we used to catalogue the Sisters was by the range of ‘expression’ of their key-rings when they jingled after curfew. Sr Jane Patricia always won because she could get more meaning into a ring of keys than anyone!” [“All of the Sisters had nicknames among the girls,” confides a Maryland woman, now an executive with Bell Labs. “Sr Mildred Eleanor was ‘Machine-gun Millie.’ Later on, we found out that the Sisters knew their names all along.”]

“As for temperaments, we loved Sr Susinne Paula because she made you feel that nothing was too final, slowly and joyfully we discovered Sr Elizabeth Marian’s sense of humor; Sr Jane Patricia was variable and likely to get fierce without warning, and Sr Superior was magic! Nothing could fool her because she read minds.

“Remember when Louise and I developed that code and wrote

(Continued from page 32)

daily newspapers to each other on yellow math paper? Hers was the morning edition, *The Daily Blat*. Mine was the evening *Daily Splat*. Then the rumor came 'round that the chaplain, Fr Templeton, had a copy and was trying to break our code. We felt terribly important, imagining him sitting at his desk late at night, trying to solve the code.

"And I remember Confession! Fr T wasn't supposed to know who it was, but we figured he knew all the girls pretty darn well and probably had a very good idea who was behind his chair there in the chapel. Did he or didn't he tell Sister Superior what we told him? We always finally agreed that he didn't tell her, but that it required an act of faith!

"Once, years later, I was talking with friends about substitute mothers. Quite without thinking I said I had four substitute mothers, all dressed in black habits. I believe it was really true that I did.

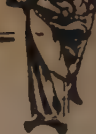
"Heaven knows, we fought enough, especially on the Latin and typing that I hated. Yet the Sisters were something rather special to the fat kid who was the

terror of St John Baptist for so long. Decades afterwards I said to the Superior, 'Oh, come on, Mother, I wasn't all *that* bad, was I?' She hesitated a while and then, trying desperately to be fair, she replied, 'Well, you were always *interesting*!' I think I will have that engraved on my tombstone: 'Well, she was always interesting!' What an epitaph!" —Taddled from *Stars In His Crown*, a 301-page centennial history, \$9, from CSJB, Box 120, Mendham, NJ 07945

Outward for centuries flowed the tide of British Empire; back in hurried decades it ebbed. On every foreign strand that it touched, the receding tide has left a church uniquely English, yet catholic enough to serve in any climate. It is grand and symbolic that as a typical consequence, there should be in the South Pacific a bishop who follows the ancient Church of England custom by styling himself Norman New Zealand. Empire is gone; the Church remains.
—*Time*



REVIEWS OF



EBC'S SUMMER SELECTION

USA Today: A gripping, intelligent, human story, a novel that moves so easily you have to stop yourself because you realize that something important is being said.

Boston Globe: A professional piece of work: honest, probing, moving, full of music and love.

Richmond Times-Dispatch: A book about loving and losing, giving and sharing, holding and letting go, about the corrosive power of hate, fear, and jealousy, the healing power of love, understanding, and Christian charity. . . . It appeals to the contemporary reader in much the same way that such moralities as *Everyman* captivated 15th century audiences.

Grand Rapids Press: L'Engle has portrayed an immensely beautiful soul.


Publishers Weekly: A spiritual odyssey but, at the same time, sophisticated entertainment.

Washington Post: *A Severed Wasp* continually asserts the importance of connecting one's past with the present, the pieces forming a whole the character must learn to accept.

Los Angeles Times: The principal person is a direct descendant of that young, forever vulnerable genius in L'Engle's first novel. For one who has read that book at least 20 times, it is an enchantment to see, in a sense, that magical creation of fiction grown old. . . and the repetitive tapestry of a peaceful old age is marvelously represented.

Newsday: I doubt that anyone can read this novel without vowing to visit the Cathedral of St John the Divine at the earliest opportunity.

Ms Magazine: L'Engle's most polished and intricate work to date. The verve of her story-telling sweeps the reader through delicate and powerful passages and leaves us with a sense of triumph over chaos. . .



BY WILL AND DEED

☆ TO ST JUDE'S RANCH FOR CHILDREN, Boulder City, Diocese of Nevada, \$70,000 from Patricia Nash Dean, a Mississippian and widow of baseball's Dizzy Dean; also \$20,000 that wafted in after the owners of Las Vegas's Golden Nugget asked singer Frank Sinatra what he'd like for his birthday.

☆ TO ST NICHOLAS, Saltdean, Diocese of Chichester, \$50,253 representing the complete property holdings of Elsie Grace Horth, a communicant of the East Sussex parish.

☆ TO CHRIST CHURCH, Collinsville, Diocese of Springfield (IL), \$38,000 from Mrs Abbie Kneeder, who for many years taught music and directed a youth band, \$10,000 of which establishes a fund for a new organ; also \$3,000 from Mrs Golda Kelson for sacristy remodeling.

☆ TO ST STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, Harrisburg, Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, \$10,000 from Mrs Frances Simeone, 71, choir-mother for the Men and Boys' Choir. A like amount went to St Gregory's Abbey, Three Rivers, MI, and \$5,000 each to the Episcopal Home for the Aged,

Shippensburg, PA, and St Jude's Ranch for Children, Boulder City, NV.

☆ TO ST ANDREW'S, Amarillo, Diocese of Northwest Texas, a memorial gift of five acres of land in northern Amarillo from the daughters of Emeline Bush O'Brien. Received in 1957 with the understanding that a church would be built within five years, the land became the construction site of St Peter's Church in November, 1958 – the first mission established after the area was advanced from the status of a missionary district given it in 1910 when it was separated from the Diocese of Dallas. On the 25th anniversary of the receipt of the deed, St Peter's parishioners celebrated with a reception in the home where their first service was held.

☆ TO CHRIST'S CHURCH, Rye, Diocese of New York, \$5,000 from Grace Gasparrini, a retired teacher who received Holy Communion at home in her last years after suffering amputation of both legs due to diabetes; also \$500 to the Altar Guild from Eva Horner Butterworth, whose late husband was chancellor of the Diocese and who as a young woman accompanied her father, the I Bishop of Western North Carolina (1898-1933), to London in 1920 to attend the VI Lambeth Conference.

THE PRESIDENT AS AN EPISCOPALIAN

THE VESTRY of St James Church, Hyde Park, Diocese of New York, usually met only when its veteran Warden, the President of the United States, called a meeting, usually at his own home, yet the Chief Executive never lost a sense of humility and privacy about his faith.

As successor to the Rector who officiated at Franklin Delano Roosevelt's burial, I believe that the late President, whatever the outward appearances, took his religion seriously. It was far more than fulfilling the obligations that came with being the Lord of the Manor at Hyde Park.

On 4 July, 1943, when we were deep into World War II, FDR presided at a Vestry meeting because the parish was without a Rector. Present also was one of his sons, Lt Col James Roosevelt, who had been elected to the Vestry. No detail was too small, as evidenced

at a meeting in February, 1944, when he took time out from planning the D-Day landings in Europe to recommend that "the lot to the south of the Churchyard be allowed to lie fallow."

Consequently the Vestry minutes duly note that "Mr McConnell said that Mr Van Wagner had already put fertilizer on it and it was duly voted that he be permitted to use the land this season but that thereafter it be permitted to grow up in a natural state." Shades of the ecology-conscious society which FDR was already championing!

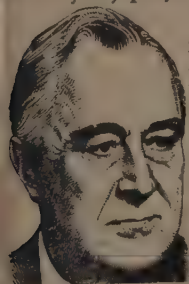
FDR's widow, Eleanor, continued to live on at Hyde Park, and local people still talk about her Christian witness on a personal basis with everyone in town. Her faith seemed sustained by her close personal friendship with the Rector, Fr Gordon Kidd. People speak of her driving up from the United Nations in New York City on a Saturday night in order to worship in her parish church on a Sunday morning. It meant that her lunch would be a sandwich in the car on the way back to a Sunday afternoon meeting in Manhattan. —>



St James,
Hyde Park

(Continued from page 36)

As for FDR, someone ought to write much more than has been recorded on his spiritual life. His recovery from polio required great depth. And he is reputed to have said, "I can do almost everything in the 'goldfish bowl' of the President's life, but I'll be hanged if I can say my prayers in it!"



Because FDR's religion was so private, he was hesitant about public prayer in Washington except for his moving address broadcast on D-Day.

As is the case with many Episcopalians, we take our religion very seriously, but we don't wear it on our sleeves. God help us if we actually talk about some of our deepest feelings. FDR once remarked that on such matters as the after-life, he simply believed what had been taught him (by an Episcopal priest, Dr Peabody, headmaster of Groton) and left the matter to God. We are told, however, by our Lord, that we shall be known by our works. If one would wish to know the depths of FDR's spirituality, then look to the works. He took seriously his Christian duties to the parish and to our nation. Behind it all was the muscular spirituality that began at a

font in a chapel on an early spring day, grew in our Sunday School, was confirmed through the teachings of a giant of a priest at Groton, and it was nourished throughout his lifetime at St James, a little parish on the Hudson in upstate New York. —Fr Franklin Mahlau, Rector since 1966 of St James, Hyde Park, Diocese of New York

EXPENDABLE

IN ORDER TO prevent any misunderstandings, may I point out that some memorials wear out and have to be discarded. For instance, Fair Linen eventually has to be thrown away, for no matter how carefully it is tended, it gets thin and frays. Hymnals and Prayer Books become dog-eared and lose their pages. Vestments worn often will be worn out and, no matter how lovely they were, they have to be put aside. I ask that you recognize the situation and are not offended if a gift that you made to the parish is put aside. Very few offerings will last into eternity, so perhaps we should draw a lesson from all of it and see that as we give treasures to our Parish Church that we also give our hearts to our Blessed Lord, for that is the only gift that never wears out and endures into eternity. —Fr Titus Oates, Rector, All Saints, Dorchester, Diocese of Massachusetts

THE QUOTABLE *Madeleine L'Engle*



On her heroine's first visit to the New York Cathedral: *Brilliant sound startled her, a vivid calling of trumpets, red and blue and gold like the great stained-glass windows. . . . She stood absolutely still, listening. Light and music wove and interwove; stone and sound became one. She stood absorbing, participating, until the last note of the fugue moved slowly along the length of the nave.*

Lines for Alwood Undercroft, fictional Bishop of New York: *I am often awed by the artistic temperament. It sometimes seems to me to be a battleground, a dark angel of destruction and a bright angel of creativity wrestling, and when the bright angel dominates, out comes a great work of art, a Michelangelo David or a Beethoven symphony.*

Lines for Manya Sergeievna, fictional soloist: *There are sick people in the world, but they are to be pitied. And those of us who are able to love must return the sickness with healing; that is the gift of the artist.*

Lines for a suffragan bishop: *I turn often to Jonah which says that God's love for His Creation is boundless. . . . The New Testament, too, is a promise, a promise that what God creates, He will not abandon, that ultimately we will be as we were meant to be.*

On returning home to the piano: *Her hands were broad and strong; the true pianist's sledghammer hands, they had been called. They still moved to her bidding. . . . She started to play. Bach. Always Bach when she needed reassurance. Her fingers did not fumble. No matter to what she likened them – turnips, carrots – they were still as nimble as ever. The notes came clear and true.*

On visiting Munich Cathedral: *She had gone back to the ancient statue of the Virgin and Child. How could a wooden face have so many changes of expression? Now the young woman looked old, and full of grief. She held the baby as she might have held the man when he was taken down from*





POTPOURRI



MAKES THE HEART SAD

□ *Time's* cover story on "the new missionary" — an estimated 220,000 throughout the world — refers by name to 31 evangelists in 24 countries, but mentions only one Anglican, Fr Ken Okeke, a Nigerian who works with his own countrymen studying in England. "This country has become more and more apostate," says Fr Okeke of the nation that first brought Christianity to his homeland.

□ To learn that the chaplain of the US Senate receives \$57,494 a year and the House chaplain gets

\$67,200 for a daily prayer that nobody pays any attention to, and for a small handful of other duties.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

□ The House of Lords awarded Mrs Rosina McLaughlin damages for shock caused by injuries sustained in a crash by her family.

—*The Times*, London

□ For information, call the Guestmistresses, Convent of St Helena ... —*Tidings*, Diocese of Long Island

□ He was ordained in 1914 at Nashotah House in Brooklyn.

—*New York Times*

(Continued from page 38)

the cross, and the baby's face was ancient; the painted eyes held all the wisdom of the world. Katherine had bowed her head against all that wisdom, and when she looked at the mother again, the carved face was bright with love. Grief, and the acceptance of grief, yes. But love was the strongest expression, and the love seemed to be saying: You can bear this. You can bear it and go on living.

On dinner with the retired fictional Bishop Felix Bodeway: Now in his apartment across from the Cathedral Close, he puttered about, bringing things in from the kitchen. An oval rosewood table was placed in readiness in front of a window which looked east across the city to the river. He set out silver dishes of food, opened a bottle of wine. His livingroom was small but uncluttered and everything in it was beautiful. ... He lit the candles, adjusted a single iris in the bud vase. China and crystal gleamed. He did not pull out her chair for her, but stood at his own place opposite her. She started to sit, then realized that he was in the process of saying grace. "Benedictus, benedicam. Amen." He crossed himself and sat. □

ACCORDING TO —

- A Rector in the City and Diocese of Washington: A spiritual director must be a person who lives by a rule of life; otherwise he is no more than a shallow conversant with another weak Christian.

- A traditional matriculation oath for seminarians: I hereby promise on my conscience and honor to obey during the term of my residence the Statutes and Regulations of Nashotah House; to submit myself respectfully to its authorities, and in general, to conduct myself as becomes a Christian and, if it be the case, a Candidate for Holy Orders.

- Fr David Ousley, Fairfield, CT, writing in *The American Organist*: Worship is now being understood as a human accomplishment, something created by a particular group of people and offered to God. It is not, as it once was and still should be, an occasion for people to receive God's self-revelation, and the gifts that go with it, and respond with adoration and thanksgiving.

- The Annual Report of Fr FL Chambers, Rector since '72 of Christ Church, Bastrop, Diocese of Western Louisiana: Intermingled with frequent periods of goofing-off, it was my privilege in my stewardship to spend a portion of my

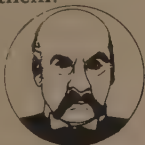
time on 343 services, 106 sermons, 113 meetings, 49 classes or study programs, 225 conferences or counseling sessions, and 1,141 pastoral calls. For those divinely-given opportunities I offer thanks to Almighty God and to His holy Church, especially that portion of the same represented by this parish family. As we proceed in our common life of Christian endeavor, I pledge you the fullness of my priesthood and ask your continual support to the end that together we may become more worthy servants of our blessed Lord.

- The Very Rev'd Peter Baelz, Dean of Durham, writing in *The Times* of London: If Anglicanism is to make its special contribution to the coming great church, it must recognize that its catholic, evangelical, and liberal traditions are interdependent and not mutually exclusive; moreover, such interdependence is not merely the outcome of the contingencies of history but represents a specific and important understanding both of the nature of God Himself and of the manner of His self-revelation.

- Fr William McGill Jr, Professor of History, Washington and Jefferson College: The liturgical calendar does not make present all past time, but it enables us to focus our

attention on the fundamental doctrines of our faith, and it encourages us to increase our understanding of the meaning of the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection in our present lives – and to strive to order our future lives in reference to them.

• A New York churchman who ought to know: *Re TADs Advent* issue with its story, “A Little Sin And A Lot of Money,” what the rector and the financier *really* had in common was that they both had the same mistreess!



JP Morgan

• Fr William Morris, Rector, All Saints, River Ridge, Diocese of Louisiana: In the liturgy, we stand, briefly, apart from the world. We do not do that to forget the world, but so that we may remember it in Christ, and offer it to God who loves it.

• Ronald Reagan in his State of the Union Message: In 1983 we seek ... a constitutional amendment to permit voluntary school prayer. God should never have been expelled from America's classrooms in the first place.

• Thomas Cranmer on Prayer Book lectionaries: Many times there is more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it is found out.

• Behaviorist Stephen Walker: The taste of primates for mimicry

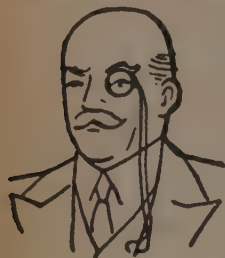
– putting on the hats of zoologists and so forth – is the basis of some interesting inferences about their mental processes.

• A letter from an Australian priest: Money transfers are such a bore, though I believe the banks are working on an international bank-card system. What a pity we can't have an Anglican World Bank – for missions as much as anything. Get Van Culin organized!

• An advertisement from Louis Sandy Textiles in Staffordshire: To All Religious Communities – For veilings, serges, crimplene, polyester, cotton piece goods, blankets, bed linen, hosiery, and underwear, telephone or write for samples and quotations.

• *New York Times* columnist Barbara Ascher: The saying is true that in middle age we become the person we always were. The fracas of the adolescent heart dispensed with organized religion. As soon as it was no longer a daily requirement, I refused to re-enter a church. I closed out all memory of comfort or peace found there, the fun of singing hymns louder and higher than the next guy, the soothing familiarity of the *Book of Common Prayer*. Lately I find myself in church and am surprised each time – not knowing why I came, or quite how I got there, but feeling familiar and singing my head off. □

✠**Cecil Brown**, MBE, 90, native Londoner and boy chorister of St Paul's Cathedral Church, whose entire life thereafter centered around Sir Christopher Wren's



masterpiece; in 1924 he became chief designer in a five-year restoration that reopened the nave to worship after a gigantic stainless steel chain encircling the drum of the dome successfully prevented any further shifting of the structure; in the 30s he helped form the Wren Society and became a major contributor to its 25 volumes liberally illustrated with his measured drawings showing almost every stone in St Paul's, a work that qualified him to become a senior architect for the Diocese of London, in which position he made a meticulous record of the condemned All Hallows Church and designed the interior of Buckingham Palace Chapel; after the war he completed a breathtaking aerial view of the devastated St Paul's (a fullsize replica is at the Churchill Museum in Fulton, MO) and went on to restore the centuries-old Cathedral and Abbey Church of St Alban and the bombed-out Church of St Lawrence Jewry; from St Paul's.

BURIALS

✠**William Dole**, 65, Indiana-born professor of art history who, on a 1955 sabbatical in Florence, became fascinated with collage and was thereafter a walking word-processor long before the term was claimed by technology, using fragments of printed matter – anything from old letters and maps to the latest newspapers – to shape meaningful structures that, glowing with texture and color that conveyed manifold messages, caught the eye of that doyen of collectors, Joseph Hirshhorn, and soon found their way into top-flight collections and exhibitions everywhere; from All Saints-by-the-Sea, Santa Barbara, Diocese of Los Angeles.

✠**Dorothy (Dot) Ellingwood McLane**, 94, a native of Lowell, Mass, and veteran educator who in the 1930s was headmistress of St Mary's School, Concord, NH, when it was given choice uplands property, whereupon she moved the school – books, students, and all – and renamed the institution St Mary's-in-the-Mountains, under which title it still prospers, and who, as Aunt Dot, counseled many a student, including one who, speaking at a requiem eucharist, recalled that she "went to Aunt Dot's room to cry and she gave me

a bowl of walnuts to crack and eat and I discovered it is very hard to cry and eat walnuts at the same time"; from Our Saviour's, Milford, Diocese of New Hampshire.



✠ **Kip Farrington**, 78, who, growing up in Orange, NJ, developed an interest in steam engines that led him to achieve, like many of the English clergy, an astonishing knowledge of timetables as well as the authoring of ten books on railroading, a record exceeded only by his 21 books on his other major interest, fishing (he was for 35 years Saltwater Editor of *Field & Stream* and founded the international Tuna Cup competition off Nova Scotia), all of them activities that he pursued while maintaining his position as an executive of Manhattan's Kelly Nason Public Relations Agency; from St Luke's, East Hampton, Diocese of Long Island.

✠ **Audrey Boyers Walz**, 76, Mobile-born Phi Beta Kappa from Chicago who wrote a dozen mysteries and collaborated with her husband, Jay, on two historical novels as well as a contemporary study called *Portrait of Canada* during the years 1964-73 when he was Ottawa correspondent for *The New York Times*; from St James,

Greenfield, Diocese of Western Massachusetts.

✠ **Charles Kullman**, 68, Metropolitan Opera tenor who made his debut in 1935 in the title role of *Faust* and remained with the Met for two decades before becoming Professor of Music at Indiana University, a post from which he retired in 1977; from St Andrew's, Madison, Diocese of Connecticut.

✠ **Dr Michael MacCracken Stewart**, 46, born and educated at Princeton, Rhodes Scholar and Harvard Medical grad, on the field staff in Thailand for the Rockefeller Foundation and since 1981 coordinator of all activities in the sciences; from St James the Less, Scarsdale, Diocese of New York.

✠ **Barbara Watson**, 64, a New Yorker whose father was the city's first elected black judge and who, on graduation from Barnard, took a job as an interviewer for United Seaman's Service and then ran a highly successful model agency for 10 years, and who, at age 43, graduated from New York Law School and became an assistant attorney for the Corporation Counsel of New York City and was subsequently executive director of the New York City Commission to the United Nations, an administrative assistant in the US State Department, and Ambassador to Malaysia; from the Cathedral Church of SS Peter and Paul in the City and Diocese of Washington.



QUARTER WATCH

¶ A comprehensive compilation, *The Work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens*, includes a photograph of one of the sculptor's most massive undertakings, the reredos of St Thomas' Church in New York.

¶ Nearly 400 worshippers crowding Trinity Church, Wall Street, for the opening Eucharist of the 1983 Trinity Institute smiled in agreement when the former Bishop of Guatemala chose the occasion to quote from the pulpit the wise words of TADs founder, "I wish bishops and priests would quit trying to be clever when all they have to do is to be faithful!"

¶ Filling a niche damaged by an 1823 fire, York Minster's stone mason Geoffrey Butler has recently polished off a new and stalwart figure of Henry Bowet, 45th Archbishop of York, 1407-23.

¶ Following its preference for seasoned business executives for a cardinal parish that has no few top bosses, New York's Church of the Heavenly Rest, a monolith that seems carved of one huge block of heavenly stone, has elected C (for Christopher) Hugh Hildesley, 41, as rector to follow Alanson B (for Bigelow) Houghton, 52, who has a Harvard MBA but, forsaking it and other studies, will henceforth be a Charleston, SC, pastoral counselor;

the Rector-to-be also prepped in other disciplines (notably art, specializing in old-master paintings and rising to a senior vice-presidency of Sotheby Galleries) before studying nights for the priesthood and becoming a weekend assistant at HR in '77, a post from which in venerable parish history, Hildesley now succeeds Houghton.

¶ It was all in a day's work for the II Bishop of San Diego when he welcomed Britain's monarch and her husband to St Paul's Church in the See City. *The New York Times* and other papers picked up the picture while *Time* in glowing color showed Elizabeth in Lenten lavender suit and tam with the Rt Rev'd Brinkley Morton in cope of Portuguese damask and white miter, his silver crozier in hand. "The Defender of the Faith attended Episcopal church services with 600 San Diegans," *Time* confided. "Philip read Scripture and put a crisp bill in the collection plate."

¶ For the first time since the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity moved its motherhouse from Providence, RI, to Fond du Lac, Wis, in 1905, all of its members were together, the occasion being the observance of SHN's centenary.



(Continued from page 44)

¶ The Roman Catholic Church fares poorly in a current picture called *The Monsignor* and in plays such as *Agnes of God* and *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You*. Anglicans come off somewhat better in a sentimental off-Broadway play, *The Holly and the Ivy*, about Christmas at a vicarage; in the opening scenes of *Gandhi*, the best film in years; and in *The Missionary*, a spoof about a young priest's adventures in reclaiming ladies of the evening.

¶ Fr Walter Hardie Lini, a priest since '69 in Melanesia and the New Hebrides, is now Prime Minister of Vanuatu and, as such, opened the Anglican conference at Popondetta; the five bishops of Papua New Guinea walked barefoot in procession wearing cope and miter with attendants on each side.

¶ Personal to anyone who wishes to make a contribution to TAD for a specific purpose: A check for \$150 could be seed money for regularly sending the little magazine to 504 US institutions and 104 foreign ones that are members of the National Association of Episcopal Schools, a vital link in teaching the faith to countless young people.

¶ In the New Year's Honors List among those nominated by the Prime Minister to become Commanders of the British Empire (CBE) are Dr David Macbeth Moir Carey, legal adviser to the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury; and LF Dakers, Director of the Royal School of Music.

¶ Two past mayors of New York were present when the Cathedral Church of St John the Divine observed the hundredth birthday of one of the city's most colorful mayors, Fiorello LaGuardia, recalling his presence for the dedication of the nave on 30 Nov 1941, the last Sunday before Pearl Harbor.

¶ The recently deceased Mildred Dilling, 88, gave numerous harp concerts at St George's, Stuyvesant Sq, in New York, and San Francisco's Grace Church Cathedral; as the owner of the world's largest collection of harps (many of which she kept in storage around the world), she performed at the White House during five administrations and gave lessons to such personages as Deanna Durbin, Bob Hope, Harpo Marx, and Sir Laurence Olivier.

¶ Honor Margaret, CSMV, has been reelected Mother General of the Church's largest religious order, the Community of St Mary the Virgin, at Wantage, Oxfordshire, which also has houses in South Africa, India, and Botswana.

¶ Most things going well, saints preserving us, copy in hand, illustrations sized, facts thoroughly checked, extra adjectives abolished, the composer well, the

(Continued on page 46)

(Quarterwatch continued)

printer solvent, the mail being delivered with some diligence, good folk rightly remembering to send us five dollars a year on their

birthdays, and God willing, the year's fourth edition of *The Anglican Digest* will be in your hands on or around the Feast of the Transfiguration. □

(Cream of the Crop...continued from page 2)

prise, the old man is the now-retired bishop of New York. His protegee and successor is Alwood Undercroft, much younger. Undercroft's wife, Yolande, is an exotic from Andean regions who before her marriage had been a famed popular singer with a voice of extraordinary range. She reminds me of a musical phenomenon billed as Yma Sumac from the high Andes. (One of our young children, listening to a Sumac record, innocently asked, "Where did they catch her?")

Other leading characters include the Cathedral's dean and his family, the organist, some Hispanic children and their oddly sinister mother, a cluster of Episcopal nuns [who constitute the Sisterhood of the Epiphany but are remarkably like the Community of the Holy Spirit not far from the Cathedral], and one of Katherine's tenants who has ties with the Cathedral.... Not since Dickens was in full cry have I seen a plot with more mysteries, tangled relationships, surprise revelations of identity, abrupt twists, and neat resolutions. The striking title is derived from a brilliant image of George Orwell which suggests by analogy that the soul of modern man has been cut away and that, like a wasp severed at its waist, he does not grasp the dreadful thing that has happened to him until he tries to fly.

The lives of the bishops in the story will dismay some readers, but on dark days when I contemplate the Episcopal House of Bishops I can believe anything. These aspects of her story give pause about the state of the Church, but L'Engle is an exceptionally knowledgeable Episcopal churchwoman and lay theologian and her



Madeleine L'Engle

(Continued on page 47)

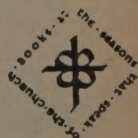
(Cream of the Crop...continued from page 46)

overall theme is one of redemptive grace. She acknowledges the melodrama with humor. Someone says to Katherine, "I didn't mean to give you the impression that life at the Cathedral is like *Barchester Towers* as written by Dostoevsky and heavily edited by John Updike. It's basically a happy place, a loving, caring place." Yet we are told that "a cathedral attracts neurotics and psychotics, people looking for help and not knowing how to ask for it." That is true even of an ordinary parish church and it demands ministry so far as possible. The dean in the story observes that "there is never an easy time to be dean of a great Cathedral. There are always problems most of the world, even the church-going world, could never dream of."

Near the end of the arresting tale the old bishop confides that "I was never closer to God in my abysmal nakedness of soul than I was when I was consecrated bishop." With the final disclosures, Katherine reflects, "We must all look at ourselves, and the ill that we have done, and if we are to survive, we must have great compassion on ourselves."... *A Severed Wasp* will be one of the most provocative novels of the season. ☐

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